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VOL. 1—NO. 18.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1901.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

## A WEALTHY WIDOW

And Her Experiences With Chief Clerk Speich,

### MAIL DEPREDAATION DIVISION

Of the Post-Office—A Systematic Plan Successfully Carried Out by Mr. Speich Whereby He Rode in His Carriage with a Colored Coachman—Managed the Wondrous Farm and Collected Considerable Boodle.

The chief clerk of the mail department in the Postoffice is a foreigner or Swiss named Emmanuel Speich. This official is afflicted with the usual disease of chief clerks and Department chiefs—he imagines he owns the office and that the clerks under him have no rights or privileges he is bound to respect. In addition to Mr. Speich's tendency to make it disagreeable for Americans holding positions under him, he has branched out and taken into camp widows on the outside, to their great loss financially and otherwise trouble of spirit and annoyance.

The Globe has made a careful investigation of the following facts, which it lays before the Postmaster-General for such action as that official may choose to take. Here is the story:

Mr. Speich secured a position in the Government service some years ago in the Treasury branch. Recently he secured a transfer to the Postoffice Department, and his present position as chief clerk of the Mail Depredation division. Mr. Speich has served in the Sixth Auditor's office where, no doubt, he learned the peculiar ideas he has since put in force of grabbing any and everything he could lay hands on, inside or outside the Department, of course, in a purely legitimate way, for Mr. Speich is a stickler for law and keeps within its protecting folds, being thoroughly conversant on the criminal statutes of his adopted country.

Now, Mr. Speich is a neighborly man and likes the acquaintance of wealthy people, especially widows. In the summer of 1899, so the story goes, Mr. Speich formed the acquaintance of a wealthy German lady named Mrs. H. This lady had recently lost her husband, who had left her financially comfortable. The widow had two daughters, one of whom was married but separated from her husband. This lady had a little boy whom the grandmother idolized. The whole family lived happily together at 418 Spruce street N. W. in a fine residence, which the widow purchased. The widow, besides owning stocks, bonds and other securities, had a magnificent farm near Alexandria, Va., valued at over \$20,000. The farm was well stocked and paying handsome dividends on shares. The widow had in addition valuable property in Chicago and Michigan.

It is unnecessary to state that Mr. Speich was thoroughly conversant with these facts. In fact, Mr. Speich cast envious and longing eyes on the broad acres across the river, and hungered for a share in the widow's riches. But how to obtain the same and keep within the law and his Government job was a problem that sorely puzzled Mr. Speich.

Mr. Speich was patient, and as everything comes to him who waits, his time arrived, and that Mr. Speich embraced his opportunity goes without saying.

The mother of the little boy died. Her name was Mrs. Rowell. This was a severe shock to the widow, but Mr. Speich was on hand to offer consolation. He was most assiduous and helpful in this period of gloom in assuaging the sorrows of the household. Now, Mr. Speich was studying hard all this time to make his first move. Of course, he had a well-matured plan—trust the chief clerk of the Mail Depredation division of the Postoffice for that. He sprang it one soft evening, when the old German lady was in a pensive mood, hugging her little grandson to her bosom, and seeing in his innocent face the image of the daughter she had lost. Speich, with great sorrow in his manly voice, almost choked with emotion, informed the widow that the farm in Virginia needed the attention of a man of affairs; that Fletcher who was running it needed looking after, and that her revenue for such valuable land was ridiculously small. He suggested names of mutual acquaintances from whom to select. It should be mentioned that by this time Mr. Speich had the entire and absolute confidence of the widow and her remaining daughter. Finally the widow asked if (Speich) could not look after her interests. He took a night to consider the proposition. Mr. Speich is a careful man and never does anything rashly or without mature deliberation. In fact, Mr. Speich, having the game well in hand, took his time, but he consented, did Mr. Speich, and took over on his official shoulders the care of the farm by due power of attorney.

Now, Mr. Speich, having secured the management of the revenues of the farm, was prepared to spring his master stroke. The sorrow which he exhibited when he informed the widow of the mismanagement of the valuable farm was as nothing compared to the overpowering and irrepressible grief with which he falteringly broke the news to the widow that her dead daughter's divorced husband had conspired a conspiracy to steal or obtain lapsed at the information, and for a moment Mr. Speich thought he had gone too far. But he was equal to the emergency. He suggested flight. The widow was as putty in his hands. She

eagerly listened to the suggestion, and Mr. Speich named Chicago, where she had property and friends. In the dead of night and with more trepidation than Napoleon III.'s widow left Paris in the carriage of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, the Widow H., her daughter and grandson left the city of Washington, and Mr. Speich triumphantly muttered, as he returned from the depot, after seeing them off:

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My rights there are none to dispute;  
Of the stock; the broad acres and hay,  
I am lord over fowl and of brute."

And he was. But, studying matters over, Mr. Speich concluded that the widow was too close in Chicago. He must remove her to a greater distance. Meanwhile, however, he had interviewed Mr. Fletcher, the man who was working the farm on shares, and read the riot act to that gentleman in choice Berne Swiss. The result was that Mr. Speich ran the farm after his ideas of finance and management. Some time after the widow's departure, she received warning letters that her son-in-law had ascertained her whereabouts and was about to descend on her and capture the boy. The widow had furnished an expensive flat and was enjoying comparative quiet when this letter arrived, followed by others later on. She wrote to her friend Speich in great trouble of spirit, and moved the heart of this compassionate man to such an extent that he neglected his official duties, for which the taxpayers were cheerfully paying him more annual salary than the president of the Swiss republic received. Mr. Speich investigated the matter, and with "a heart bowed down in silent grief," he poured out "the sorrows of Werther," in a letter of eight pages, sadly confirming the fatal intelligence and suggesting flight to the Fatherland.

The widow promptly disposed of her interests in Chicago at the usual sacrifice, and sailed for that country from which Voltaire was once ordered to leave in 24 hours.

"Magnificent sirs," replied Voltaire to the grandees of the Swiss republic, "it will not take me 24 minutes."

And it didn't, for the territory in which Mr. Speich was born was so circumscribed in square miles that Voltaire walked over its frontiers in just eleven minutes and nine seconds, Paris time.

But, to return to Mr. Speich. He married the farm, and rode now in his carriage behind the widow's horses. He had a colored coachman and servants to loan. He sold the furniture by order of the widow, of course; Mr. Speich never does anything irregular, of her Washington home. Mr. Speich sent the widow a bill for the right of the amount it brought. Presently he made a dash to secure the house itself, but met a set-back. He turned to the farm. Ah! that was fruitful, at least. About \$900 worth of young stock was sold. Mr. Speich broadly charged Fletcher with the sale of the stock, and Mr. Fletcher proved an alibi, although Mr. Speich never took the trouble to prosecute him. Kind Mr. Speich; he sent the widow \$18 out of the proceeds of the sale!

Mr. Speich was now living in clover and spending money by the bucketful. The widow, however, got none of it, for Mr. Speich had sprung another plan—we will refrain from the word "scheme," so as not to hurt Mr. Speich's sensibilities, which are highly developed. He notified her that he would continue the dairy business with the widow's cow, and that Mr. Pickett would put in one-half and he (Speich) would put in half to purchase a score or so of milk cows, etc. The widow consented—what else could she do, living 3,000 miles away across the ocean blue. The terrible nightmare of that son-in-law, Rowell, searching the whole United States for his boy and her idolized pet and grandchild kept the widow close to the Alps and content to submit to any other sacrifice. To conduct the dairy properly, duties of a different wire fencing must be put up, and many other improvements calling for the expenditure of large sums of money.

The widow finally had an awakening. She discovered the imposition practiced on her. The farm was in ruins, non-productive, debts were piled up, and the widow's life was a myth insofar as seeking to obtain his boy.

The widow, roused to anger by these discoveries, visited Secretary Gage, in whose Department Mr. Speich was, and laid the whole matter before him. Here is what the widow informs The Globe Secretary:

"Madam, I believe you have been robbed. I believe, after a thorough investigation of the facts, that Mr. Speich is guilty of a grave offense, but I am powerless to command him to do you justice. He will get his punishment, but I can not make charges, and I am powerless to rule, except for incompetency."

Mr. Speich was punished by being transferred to his present position and promoted chief clerk of the Mail Depredations division of the Postoffice Department. The papers are on file in Mr. Gage's office, and form part of Mr. Speich's official record. Will the Postmaster-General send for and examine them? Will he also examine Mrs. H., her daughter and others conversant with the facts, or will he imitate Secretary Gage and assert that the civil service rules prevent him from discharging Mr. Speich? Under this Administration of "boodle," "addition," "division," and "silence," and the civil service rules to cover rascality, no Government official need be afraid to steal and plunder with impunity, as Neely and Rathbone in Cuba, or "fathers of their ilk" in the national capital.

### A Very Useful Work.

Mr. Oliver C. Sabin, the well-known "healer" and Spiritualist and determined opponent of Mrs. Eddy, has gotten out a book of over three hundred pages, entitled "Christology." It is neatly printed on superfine paper, and makes a handsome volume. Mr. Sabin's book is a philosophical treatise on the science of healing or metaphysical healing exemplified through the rules, formulas, etc., prescribed in Mr. Sabin's book. No doubt it will be found a very useful volume for those who have faith in Mr. Sabin's cult.

## SHORT EXCERPTS

On Several of the Departments for Cause.

### SWAN, MATSEN, HESS, AND EVANS

Facts Concerning Their Official Acts Which Are Proper Subjects for Criticism—A Foreigner in Charge of the Medals of Honor in the War Department—An Offer of One Thousand Dollars to Evans.

The mystery connected with the discharge, resignation or annual leave of Chief Clerk Swan, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, deepens. No information can be obtained from even our usual fearless sources, touching the trouble in the bureau, if trouble there is.

One who has always been fearless and reliable when pressed by The Globe for particulars, would only reply:

"My lips are sealed. I must not speak, and I can tell you nothing."

This is exceedingly strange, and it demonstrates undoubtedly that there is something to tell. What is it? Has the chief clerk been charged with any offense? Is he discharged? Has he resigned, and the why and the wherefore? Surely the bureau is entitled to the prize for reticence and keeping faith with whoever plucked its employees to silence. The rumors are so many, so thick, and so varied that The Globe refrains from printing or accepting any or all of them, and will not, until better authenticated, give the alleged facts in its possession to the public.

Here is a sample of the many letters received the past week:

To Editor: Please do not forget this man Gerodette, Swan's lieutenant and sneak. He used to torture his men through his life tyranny. He is booked to go. Investigate, and let my men in his room will tell you the same.

SIC-SEMP-TRANS.

Here is another:

"You will sell a thousand Globes in the bureau by writing Swan up good and hard. The facts are all right, and they have him dead to rights. And the correspondence, like the rest, sends his favor with the admonition, 'Now, the first page for all he is worth.'"

Mr. Swan is immune, so far as The Globe is concerned, as we are not in possession of any authenticated facts which would warrant publishing him or his alleged misdeeds.

Turning from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to Mr. Matsen, acting First Assistant P. M. General, we respectfully ask that official if he will retract what he said to the lady from Scranton, Pa., now that the debt of A. V. Machen has actually been paid?

This paper has always been willing to accept any explanation of the above official, even his explanation of why he gave up a \$2,500 position in the Brooklyn postoffice to accept \$2,000 per year as chief clerk to the First Assistant P. M. General, and we would reluctantly believe he would try to shield any of the shortcomings of Mr. Machen, Lewis & Co. But he was so prompt to tell this lady that he believed her it leads us to ask, do you believe you have stepped into a nest, that if they could have had their way would have double discounted Neely & Co., and some time not far distant the Department may be asked why they shield this crew, and it will take more than Mark Hanna's aid to get them out of it.

We have no need to remind Mr. Matsen that it was anything but chivalrous to inform a lady that he believed her statement. He is given credit for not brutally, like Big Chief Johnson, telling her she lied, but it is all the same in Dutch.

Mr. Matsen's facts easily susceptible of proof by unimpeachable witnesses. If he chose to end the matter, all well and good; he could so have stated, and the lady would have retired without having her sensibilities wounded by the rather ungentle and very blunt information that he disbelieved her.

Does Mr. Matsen know who the lady is and her antecedents? For his information The Globe would state that she is the widow of a distinguished officer on General Howard's staff, who made a record in civil as in military life as a widely known and accomplished engineer. He has left monuments of his engineering skill in more than one State in the Union, and we very plainly inform Mr. Matsen that in life the gentleman and his wife belonged to a rank in society which even an Acting Assistant Postmaster-General might be very proud to secure recognition from or an entree into its charming circle. The lady told Mr. Matsen the absolute truth, and he was not justified either as an official or a gentleman in informing her that he disbelieved her statement without proper investigation. And there we leave it for the present.

A friend of The Globe called at the War Department to make some inquiries touching a medal of honor to which he is entitled. His captain had written the Department recommending the issuance of the same for a brave and gallant deed of valor in front of the enemy. He was referred to an official named Hess, which is an abbreviation, it will be seen, of "Hessian." This Hess he found to be a foreigner, with three or four other Hessians in office.

Making known his business to Mr. Hess or Hessian, that lofty tax-eater

from Hesse Darmstadt, froze him into astat amazement with the information that:

"The printed circular, sir, of the Department, contains all the necessary information."

Mr. Hess turned on his heel, and the native American soldier found his way to the exit somehow, and wonderingly walked past the White House, the Treasury building, and the other institutions he helped to preserve while Mr. Hess was collecting the thalers in Hesse Darmstadt to emigrate, long after the war was over, to Uncle Sam's domain and a berth in the War Department.

The soldier entitled to the medal of honor, and who is, of course, like Snodgrass, Jones, Whitney, and hundreds of other veterans in this city out of a job, felt that maybe when an American Administration got into power again he would not have to apply to a foreigner or a Hessian for the medal he earned at the cannon's mouth. The veteran soldiers walking the streets of Washington under the administration of Oily William are all impatiently waiting to read his patriotic address which he is to deliver at the Grand Army National Encampment at Cleveland. The "House of Lameroy" have been under treatment for their lungs so as to have them in working order and cheer the ex-commissary-sergeant vigorously:

"Hooryay! hooryay for the old flag and Hess and all the other foreigners and Hessians running the Government!"

Mrs. W. A. Fall Board, of Review Southern Division, Pension Office, draws her salary regularly since 1898. As Miss Laura Dodge married judiciously and properly, and hence her promotion and the natural nepotism that followed, Commissioner Evans recognizes merit, when the merit is of a character to meet his approbation or is connected with his own family.

Mr. John Watson, we perceive, who was assistant chief of the Southern division, is now chief, but he rise to ask where is Don C. Cameron? And, speaking of the Pension Office reminds us to state that a gentleman of known fortune and high standing in Washington has authorized The Globe to make this proposition:

"\$1,000 cash will be paid to H. Clay Evans, to any of his clerks, spies, or underlings for the production of a single authenticated case of fraud, whereby any pensioner now on the pension rolls is drawing a pension illegally or to which he is not entitled by law."

This offer is open to any person or persons who will produce the testimony and convict the fraudulent pensioner. There is no such case, but there are thousands of cases where the pensioner is receiving less than what he is entitled to, through the official action of H. Clay Evans, and thousands of others are deprived of pensions and money by Mr. Evans to which they have a more legitimate claim than he has to the salary of an office he has utilized for the most infamous and outrageous injustice to the ex-soldier, his widow, and his orphan.

## TWO BEAUTIES

And Their Jealousy Over a Handsome Assistant Secretary.

### HOW THEY COMPROMISED.

He Took the Handsomest in His Office and Promoted the "Friend" of the Other One—An Idyl and an Epic of Department Life—An Inside View of What Occurs.

Back in the eighties, a young, ambitious, rosy-faced, red-headed, robust young man, by the name of—, from one of the far Western States, was elected to Congress. He was not only a successful man in politics, but it seems he had his weather eye peeled in other directions. There were two handsome young widows in his district, both seeking places in the Government service. Young Demosthenes seemed to have no trouble in landing them both in about the year 1885.

He was amorous, and the widows were young, pretty, gushing, and possessed of romantic natures. For the space of several years everything was too lovely. He had them both railroaded up to \$1,400, which places they hold to-day without much complaint. In another bureau of the same Department, the other transferred, when our friend took hold of his new position his troubles began. The women pressed their claims; jealousy came. They became enemies, and one watched the other's every move, and both watched him. The winter of discontent settled like a pall over his former progress, and the thicker it came the more persistent they were. They were spiteful to each other. They were rivals now, for sure. Finally he was so hard pressed that he took one of them (Mrs. L.) into his room by transfer. His judgment as to points of beauty is still good, for he picked the prettiest—she is as pretty as a peach, a pronounced blonde; her only defect being that she has grown rather stout from good living and maturity. When this happened, the other widow (Mrs. R.) was furious.

Time, the healer of all heartaches, ameliorated this woe, and the widow who "got left" cast around for revenge. She soon found a young man in her bureau who was dashing, flashy, and fancy free. He was not hard to corral, and she soon had him lariat to her stake. Then came a pretty piece of diplomacy. She forgave the Assistant Secretary, and was willing to let bygones go if her lover could be promoted to \$1,400, which would give him some extra money to have a good time on.

This was done by a simple ruse of wit, and now peace and quiet reigns. The relations between herself and her new lover, strikingly beautiful, are constantly displayed.

# PARBOILING PARSONS!

The Great Labor Leader Exposed by One of His Former Colleagues  
Who Has Been at the Head of Affairs.

Astounding Disclosures Revealing the Deals, Schemes, and Manipulations  
of the Knights of Labor and Letter Carriers' Association.

The Most Sensational, Thorough, and Complete Narrative on the Inside Workings of the Great Labor Organizations Ever Published in the Press—The Sunday Globe Presents  
the Facts as Furnished Without Coloring or Addition.

At the twelfth annual convention of the National Association of Letter Carriers, which opens at Chattanooga, Tenn., on Labor Day, President John N. Parsons will have the fight of his life either for reelection or election to a new berth, to which a few of his many old-time friends, who are still under his hypnotic influence, hope to have created especially for him. Compared to what is ahead of him that "go" between him and Secretary Hayes, of the Knights of Labor, is a feather duster affair. And yet, a statement of that case, which Parsons, with Pittsburgh money, still keeps in the courts of the District of Columbia, would be an interesting reading. But want of space forbids extended reference to it at this time. Hayes has outpointed him in every brush, mopped the floor with him, and no hydrant water was used. Even Parsons, when egged on, can show some fight. Both are after blood. Hayes will win out, even if he has only one arm. What the letter carriers, for their own preservation as an organization of any earthly future use to themselves, will do with the man who has played fast and loose with them for many years, is what will agitate Chattanooga's visitors this week. The bane of organized labor yesterday, to-day and to-morrow was, is and will be unscrupulous leadership, cunning, crafty, glib-tongued mouthing, timeoed, a gathering of working men, but of little use in performing work that would benefit those they pretend to make sacrifices to represent. Pity 'tis 'tis true.

When they joined the organization, most of them doubtless meant well by their fellows and honest. But with power in their hands, only too many of them too quickly betray their trust for pelf, political place or prestige—for self. Some succeed in deceiving their fellows for a long time. Slowly is their cunning discovered. The deep no nose and account of these tell tales. Their tracks are as smooth as their tongues. Their talk is plausible. Parsons can talk more and say less than any man who ever pretended to represent organized labor in any capacity. That's his well-earned reputation. "Follow me," he says, "and I will show in sizing him up. He has thrown dust in their eyes for years. What he can not rule he wants to ruin. He had the colossal nerve to aspire to Congressman Quigg's (New York City) seat. The first trifle in the way was the Republicans of Quigg's New York district, when asked to nominate, didn't know if Parsons was a Republican. He was all things to all men. He was a Bryan man while he was in the pay of Chairman Quigg, of the "Republican county committee. How he "hoodooed" ex-Postmaster Dayton, of New York City, out of a nomination for a judgeship in that city—a nomination that would have insured election—would prove interesting reading. Croker didn't do a thing to him. Oh, no! Parsons deceived himself into the belief that the king of Tammany Hall knew nothing of his crooked political record, which he bent so hard in that recent third party labor movement in New York that he found it wholesome to move his residence to Washington. A second and persuasive reason for that move was an irresistible determination to be nearer the legislative fund of the Letter Carriers' Association. Before throwing the searchlight on his relations with the letter carriers, let us see what his rule of the Knights of Labor for nearly four years has done for that once grand and strong organization—weakened, almost disrupted it! Cunning as is Parsons, Secretary Hayes was too smart for him. The former had bitten off more than he could chew. The first step in his move against Hayes was false and lead to his undoing in the K. of L. He is an expelled member to-day. He violated the constitution of the order by seeking the courts for an alleged necessary cure, when the remedy was prescribed in that same constitution. He has violated the constitution and instructions of the Letter Carriers' Association time after time, thus far with impunity. For three years he has not been legally president of that organization. He has held the office for that time in direct and flagrant violation

of the constitution. To save the New York City branch association, of which he is a member, from paying the 10 per cent constitutionally levied fine on per capita tax overdue to the national organization, he has stultified himself and ignored the constitution more than once. His sins of omission and commission he has tried to place on the shoulders of other people. He was so alive (?) and enthusiastic (?) as General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor that, though he spent nearly a third of his time in Washington during the first two years he held that office, General Secretary Hayes can count on the fingers of his one hand the number of visits Parsons paid to the headquarters of the organization in Washington. When he would call around, his mouth would make a good impression and put a satin finished gloss on his neglect of duty. But Hayes was not long in taking Parsons' measure. As a New York Bowery hatter Parsons was a hurry-up failure. He had resigned the position of letter carrier with dreams in his head of being the official outfitter of the letter carriers of the United States. Later he tried to delude the carriers into the belief that he resigned in order to serve them as president better than he could and remain in the service. On the strength of this sympathy dodged the carriers association has, at different times, donated him goodly sums of money. With no other visible income, he waxes as sleek and fat as ever. From the K. of L., for more than three years' services as Master Workman, he received nothing. When he risked he could not get blood from a stone. To the position of president of the National Association of Letter Carriers no salary is attached, and he is the first to hold the position who ever fished for or received a donation.

Speaking of donations reminds the writer of an expensive meeting of the board of officers of the Letter Carriers' Association, called by Parsons to meet in Washington in the early part of 1898, at which scarcely any business was transacted save the appointment of a committee to "raise" from the carriers a testimonial (?) fund for "Our John," as his sycophantic, officehunting, expense-eating cronies affectionately termed him. Some of those cronies are still officers of the Letter Carriers' Association. That testimonial scheme would have been a go but for the then secretary of the organization, who refused to have anything to do with it. The secretary's action induced the cunning Parsons to issue a circular. It happened this wise. Parsons invited all the officers to be the guests of the New York branch at its annual ball, to be held the night following the adjournment of the meeting. Without consulting the secretary, his typewriter was also invited to go along. But that the accounts of that souvenir "were to be" audited, and the secretary was designated by Parsons to "assist" in the "work," he would not have gone with a married man with a flourishing family—numerically speaking—and his typewriter was a lady—young and single. He was embarrassed. He told Parsons her invitation was more than a mistake and should be recalled. It was not. The secretary permitted her to go, but forbade her attending the ball. Under all the circumstances he could not do different. Doubtless the N. A. L. C. indirectly paid the bill for all of us.

The souvenir accounts were not audited. We loafed nearly a whole day in the forger's office like a lot of chumps, the day after the ball. The only thing done was relating to the testimonial fund. It was pleasantly arranged that all the work of the testimonial committee should fall on the national secretary. After seeing the proportions of the cat he determined to resign from that committee, and immediately on his return to Washington did so in a letter to all the officers, giving reasons for his act. The typewriter business, the souvenir fake, the "guest" bunco (the N. A. L. C. paid the freight), and the testimonial scheme made a day for the secretary. He secured peace with his wife, and then wormed himself off that committee. The vacancy was filled. The appeal

was issued to all branch associations, with the full knowledge of Parsons, who helped to word it—the author of the scheme, to those which the officers meeting was called—and for no other revealed purpose, called by Parsons, who, having resigned from the service, should have, in obedience to the letter and spirit of the constitution, resigned the presidency of the association. Parsons knew he required a two-thirds vote to amend the constitution as to his eligibility as an ex-letter carrier to hold office in the association. He dreaded the test and feared discomfiture and more at the forthcoming convention, because he illegally clung to the office. He would feather his nest before it was too late. In withdrawing from the Parsons testimonial committee, the secretary urged that a matter so important should be deferred to the next convention. We have intimated that Parsons was a word-player, a flopper and a trimmer. He issued a circular to all the branches, as soon as he convinced himself the "big was up," and that the secretary was right. To confirm previous statements herein made, and as a sample of the Parsons kind of hypocrisy, we give the text of that historical circular. Read slowly:

"NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LETTER CARRIERS.

Office of the President.

"New York, March 8, 1898.

To the Officers and Members of the National Association of Letter Carriers.

BROTHERS: By this time, no doubt, you have received a letter from a committee of my associate officers, which contains a suggestion that a testimonial in the form of a purse, be presented to me upon my retirement as president of your National Association. This matter, concerning me personally as it does, affords me, I think, the right to be heard. I have therefore taken this means of expressing to you my views upon the subject, and relating to you, in my own way, the circumstances connected with the origin of the affair. Almost since I entered the postal service I have taken an active part in our association work, and for the past five years have been honored by my associates with the presidency of their local association, the duties of which have been most exacting and arduous; and, having added to this the presidency of your National Association, since the Grand Rapids convention in September, 1896, little time has been left me to devote to my family or personal affairs. While I entered the postal service with the interest of completing my career in the association, and most of my fellow carriers have, I felt that this did not prevent me from seeking that which would better my condition in life, and while I may have neglected opportunities that presented themselves to me in the past, solely in the interest of completing my career in the association, and most of my fellow carriers have, I felt that this did not prevent me from seeking that which would better my condition in life, and while I may have neglected opportunities that presented themselves to me in the past, solely in the interest of completing my career in the association, and most of my fellow carriers have, I felt that this did not prevent me from seeking that which would better my condition in life, and while I may have neglected opportunities that presented themselves to me in the past, solely in the interest of completing my career in the association, and most of my fellow carriers have, 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